https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/151062.html?thread=32053014#t32053014

It's Sam/Gabriel, with an examination of Gabriel's Tricksterly habits. And that he enjoyed killing Dean over and over again.

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"It's what they earned and you know it." Gabriel was on his stomach, reading a dirty magazine next to him. Gabriel was casually discussing the four people he'd killed that week.

Sam inched away from Gabriel, but he had to ask: "Aren't you an archangel now? Can't you stop being a Trickster now?" Can't you stop killing? But he won't say that last one.

Gabriel turned a page, whistling at the pin-up as he did so, and he didn't look at Sam.

"I've been found out, sure, but that doesn't mean I want to stop."

"...you're going to keep killing?"

Gabriel finally looked at him, Playboy bunny of the month unfolded in his magazine. "It's fun."

Completely unapologetic. Completely flippant about it.

Sam inched a little further away but didn't struggle when Gabriel moved over his magazine and into Sam's lap. Another second and he was being kissed, and Gabriel was leering at him. Sam didn't want to guess at what he was thinking, Sam didn't want to think of the gutted corpse they had been investigating before Gabriel claimed it.

"Last chance to kick me out for this reason, Sammy." Gabriel was daring him to shove him off, get him out of his life. "Last chance to make sure I never come back to your bed."

And God help him, Sam kissed the angelic monster in his bed. He kissed him hard, and bit his lips, and Gabriel tasted like chocolate.